

WINCHESTER JOURNAL
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IF PAID IN ADVANCE.

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One square, one insertion, \$1.00
Each additional insertion, .25
A liberal discount will be made to those
who advertise for a longer period.

Business Directory.

Business Capital of 100,000 Dollars is to be pur-
chased in ADVANCE.

BOWNS & CHENEY, Attorneys
at Law, Winchester, Ind. Office in
the City Building. Give especial attention
to the securing and collection of
claims.

DR. D. FERGUSON, Winchester,
Indiana. Office and residence on
corner of Main and South Streets, where
he may at all times be found, unless pro-
fessionally engaged.

R. BOSWORTH, Physician and Sur-
geon, Oberfield, Ind. Office south-
west corner of Main and Meridian Streets.
Special attention given to Chronic
Diseases. Ague and Catarrhal Pills,
always on hand and for sale, by the box
or single dose, and warranted free from
Cannabis, Quinine or Arsenic. [ma236]

W. B. PIERCE, Druggist, and dea-
ler in Books and Stationary.
Corner of Franklin and Madison Sts.

THOMAS WARD, Hardware Mer-
chant, Washington Street, north of
the Public Square, Winchester, Ind.

J. J. TAYLOR'S SALOON, On S. Wash-
ington Street, East of the Masonic
House, Winchester, Ind. To the lover of
pleasure this is a pleasant game.

M. H. PRICE HOUSE, Union City, Ind.
E. B. Fitch, Proprietor.
Board \$1 per day or 25cts. per meal.
Engaged and Improved stabili-
ty horses.

MARY'S HOUSE, H. Whitmore,
Proprietor, opposite the Union De-
pot, Indianapolis, Ind.

BEVERLY & DYNES, News,
Book and Job Printers, East of the
Public Square, Winchester.

J. HENRY ROSS, Grocer and Baker, and
dealer in Provisions, &c. Store on
the north-east corner of Main and Frank-
lin Streets.

EKLUNDORFF & WENK
Manufacturers of Furniture and
Covers of the latest and best styles, East
of the Public Square, Winchester.

J. D. CROWLEY, M.D., Phy-
sician, and Surgeon, Winchester, Ind.
Graduate of Philadelphia College of medi-
cine and Philadelphia Lyceum-Charity
Hospital, having Practiced Obstetrics
and Diseases of Females.

Having been Assistant Demonstrator of
Anatomy, and having spent three years
in the Hospital and Dispensary of Phila-
delphia, and having supplied with excellent
surgeons and Internists, he is prepared to
give personal consultations in the various de-
partments of the profession.

Particular attention paid to diseases
of the Eye. OFFICE—Washington
Street, near the north-west corner of the
Public Square, Winchester, Ind. [ma21]

WESTERN COMMERCIAL
NEWS-LETTERS.
The Proprietor keeps constantly on
hand a large and varied assortment of
Farm Tools, Evergreens, Roses, Ornamental
Trees and Shrubs, and all kinds
of Novelty Products.

Responsible Agents wanted in every
County. Catalogues supplied free on ap-
plication. Address C. FLETCHER, Jr.,
no 25 ly, Indianapolis, Ind.

TAILORING.

JOHN RICHARDSON,
MERCHANT TAILOR
West of the Public Square,
WINCHESTER, IND.

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES AND VESTMENTS.
Always on hand and made to order in
the best style.

PRICES REASONABLE.

TILE AND BRICK.

TILE! TILE! TILE!

Brain your Wet Lands!

THE Drift. The manufactured by
the best men. Try them and you do not
believe satisfied that they are just the
thing for draining wet lands. We will re-
fund you the money paid for them. We
also keep on hands BRICKS, of our own
manufacture, which we warrant to give
entire satisfaction.

Give us a call at our Yard, north
of the Depot, Winchester, Indiana,
May 21st. O. & J. K. MARTIN,

MEAT MARKET.

B. M. REINOR

WOULD respectfully inform the
public, especially the lovers of
GOOD MEAT, that he is now selling
BEEF, VEAL & MUTTON
at

4 to 6 Cents per Pound.
Market on Tuesday, Thursday and Sat-
urday evenings; meat always on hand.
and 11.

DENTISTRY.

DENTISTRY! DENTISTRY!!

A. J. ROSS,
Surgeon Dentist,

WOULD respectfully announce that
the citizens of Old Randolph that
he is prepared for doing anything in the
line of Dentistry upon the most reasonable
terms. Satisfaction guaranteed.

FIFCE.—Over John Ross's Grocery,
Sept 17, 1862. n10-1.

WINCHESTER JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF RANDOLPH COUNTY.

New Series,

WINCHESTER, INDIANA, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1862.

VOL. I, No. 18.

POETRY.

"I Fights mit Sigel."

BY GRANT F. ROBINSON, ESQ.

I met him again, he was trudging along,
His knapsack with chickens was swelling,
He'd "tinkered" these dainties and
thought it no wrong
From some seroonist's dwelling,
"What regiment's yours?" and under whose
flag
Do you fight?" said I, touching his
shoulder;
Turning slowly around, he smilingly said,
For the thought made him stronger and
bolder;
"I fights mit Sigel."

The next time I saw him his knapsack
was gone.

His cap and canteen were missing,

Shell, shrapnel and grape, and the swift
rifle ball.

Around him and o'er him were hissing,

"How are you, my friend, and where have
you been.

And what and for whom are you
fighting?"

He said, as a shell from the enemy's gun
Sent his arm and his masket a "kiting,"

"I fights mit Sigel."

And once more I saw him and knew by
his site,

His life blood was rapidly flowing;

I whispered of home, wife, children and
friends,

The bright land to which he was going;

And have you no word for the dear ones
at home.

The "wee one," the father and mother?

"Yaw! yaw!" said he, "tell them, oh tell
them I fights."

Poor fellow! he thought of no other—

"I fights mit Sigel."

We scraped out a grave, and he dream-
lessly sleeps

On the bank of the Shenandoah river;

His home or his kindred alike are un-
known,

It's reward in the hands of the Giver.

We placed a rough board at the head of
his grave

"And left him alone in his glory."

But on we mark'd e're we turned from
the spot.

The little we knew of his story—

"I fights mit Sigel."

In Camp, Pontoon Corps, Gen. Sigel's Di-
vision, near Georgetown, D. C., Sep-
tember 22, 1862.

Written for the Journal.

FROM THE EIGHTY-FOURTH.
GUTANDOTTE, Va.)
Oct. 26, 1862.

DEAR JOURNAL: In my last I
abruptly left you, for want of time, as I got aboard of the Ma-
rietta train at Cincinnati. Well,

in company with Rev. Dowell, of

M. E. Church South, Chaplain

of 3d Tenn., I had an interesting

trip. Chaplain, in course of our

talk, said most of his church had

gone into the rebellion; said 20

years ago the Ministers of the

M. E. Church in his State char-

acterized Slavery with horse-
stealing—then they yielded to

political pressure and seceded,

and finally became leaders in poli-

tical secession. He said the first

pro-slavery word he ever heard

uttered by a Methodist minister

in the South, was by John Early

of Virginia, now Bishop of the

Church South. He did that by

quoting from our discipline with

ironical emphasis the "much as

ever," etc.

A son of Parson Brownlow, a

son of Ezra Maynard and a son

of Gov. Johnson are all on board.

The former to Lieut. Colonels,

the latter Colonel; all highly

strapped.

Here, 16 miles above Cincin-

nati, is Camp Dennison. There

are long rows of one-story bal-

loon frames, tenanted by Uncle

Sam's boys—there are barracks for

cavalry horses. Quite a force.

THE TWENTY-THIRD OF SEP- TEMBER.

[From the New York Tribune, October
23d, 1862.]

To the President of the United States:

Sir: In days when the public
safety is imminently threatened,
and the fate of a nation may
hang upon a single act, we owe
frank speech, above all other
men, to him who is highest in
authority. I shall speak to you
as man to man.

Harsh opinions have been form-
ed of you; even honest men
doubting the probity of your in-
tentions. I do not share their
doubts. I believe you to be up-
right, single-hearted in your de-
sire to rescue the country in the
hour of her utmost need, without
after-thought of the personal con-
sequences to yourself.

If, amid the multitude of con-
tending counsels, you have hesi-
tated and doubted; if, when a
great measure suggested itself,
you have shrunk from the vast
responsibility, afraid to go forward
lest you should go wrong,
what wonder? How few, since the
foundation of the world, have
boldly plunged forward on the swift
wheels of temporary destiny,
what must it be to shoot through
the dark gulf of despair, and
dwell in the mist of the black-
ness of darkness forever?

Here are some more hills and
ridges, gulches, "rocky moun-
tains," etc. There are the Cin-
cinnati works, with hundreds of tons
of iron piled about. One thirty,
P. M., there, we change cars and
make a right-angle south to Port-
land. Country still poor—here
are the advance stragglers Mor-
gan's men. They look quite
hard. They are scattered over
about twenty miles of country in
great disorder. More iron works,
here is Portland, a village about
the size of Farmland—over-
crowded with travelers, with no
accommodations. Several of us
slept on the floor of a vacant up-
stairs room, on short rations, too.

"Let us go hence." An old

Welchman takes six for six dol-
lars, over the hills, 25 miles to

Gallipolis. Here are iron hills,

stone coal quarries, poor lands,

poor men in appearance, but often

rich in reality. Fifteen miles

square are settled with Welch,

and they are said to make more

money out of the minerals and

stones than we do in Indiana out

of ground that looks ten times

better, but they don't put much

money on perisable improve-
ments.

Here are chestnut, pine, per-

simmon, cedar, etc., abundant.

Ten cents each for good young

cedar, I am told, by the thou-

sand. Cedar bushes on the fields

like elder or briars in Indiana.

Nightfall, and we sleep with

Major Neff in camp Saturday

night. Tuesday we go—no, we

go to Guyandotte, and leave me

with the sick twelve days in Gal-

lipolis. Our sick do finely. Thir-

ty-nine out of sixty gone to duty.

D. L. Watkins died.

In my next I shall tell you of

the trip down here, of the fight

we did not have, etc. Till then,

good night.

S. T. STROUT.

ONLY A PENNY.—The true se-